

THE REGISTER

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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXIII., No. 4

DECEMBER, 1903

ISSUED MONTHLY

THE SIGN OF THE TWO-HEADED SNAKE

MANY years ago I was in India superintending a number of natives who were splitting up teak trees to transport to the coast. As one huge tree was riven by the wedges I noticed a yellowish object in one of the cracks. On looking closer I saw that it was the point of an elephant's tusk. Thinking that it had been forced in and broken when the tree was young and that the wood had grown over it, I cut it away as a souvenir but had no more time to examine it till I reached camp. Then, on looking it over carefully, I saw that it was carved into the form of a snake, which wound about it in a spiral and had two heads. Set in the larger end was a small plug of some unknown metal. My curiosity was now thoroughly aroused and I set about removing the plug.

After several moments' work I succeeded, and then saw that the ivory had been hollowed out to admit a small scroll. On opening this I was surprised to see another two-headed snake drawn upon it. As I was turning the scroll about in my hands, wondering what the significance of the snake-sign was, I happened to hold it between my eyes and the lantern. The light behind it brought out an outline, a sort of map which was not visible from either side—here was something very interesting.

By closely studying the map I discovered that it was a plan of the immediate neighborhood in which I then was, the location of two mountains with a lake between convinced me of this. At the base of one of the mountains, on the shore of the lake, was a dot and some words

which were unintelligible to me, although I was familiar with most of the native dialects.

I called in Paolo Khat, my body-servant, and asked him to decipher the writing. He took one glance at the words and an exclamation of wonder burst from his lips. I asked him to explain the meaning of the inscription, and, after making sure that no one was listening, he told me the following story.

"When you saved me from the tiger that night you thought you were rescuing an ordinary Hindu, but you were not. I come from a separate people dwelling in a hidden valley in that mountain which you can see across the lake. My father was the High Priest and was training me to succeed him. Then one dark day he was suspected of some sacrilege and tortured to death upon the altar at which he had so long ministered. My mother and I, the only remaining members of our family, were hurled from a high cliff into the lake. My mother I never saw again, but I was found and brought up by a kind-hearted 'shikaree.' He was killed by the tiger which was carrying me off when you saved me. You remember you shot off this finger with the same bullet that killed the tiger. You supposed that the hunter was my father and I have never explained before as the story seemed so incredible.

"Although I was very young when my father was killed, I remember every detail of the temple and know that there was a secret pass from the valley to the plain, but I have never been able to find the outside entrance to it.

"The High Priest and his family live in the

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temple itself, but the minor priests have their abodes in the city proper. The temple is built on a little knoll in the centre of the valley, and the secret tunnel goes underground from the temple itself to a cleft in the base of the mountain. That scroll is a map telling how to find the entrance, and the writing is in the language of my own people.

“The people have a ‘Sacred Head,’ as it is called, which they worship, although no one but the High Priest is allowed to see it. It is kept in the innermost shrine of the temple, and that one thing my father would never show me—time enough when I was High Priest myself—he said. This is guarded by some mysterious thing which goes under the name of the ‘Black Watcher.’ Now, I can show you how to get into the valley if you wish.”

We talked till late that night as I was determined to have a glimpse of this “Sacred Head,” and Paolo Khat thirsted for revenge for the murder of his parents.

I dismissed all the other servants and in a few days we were ready to start on our strange adventure. We set off in the night, well armed, and provided with torches, and paddled across the lake to the shore near the entrance to the pass which Paolo Khat had located by daylight. This was situated in a low-roofed cave and great rocks protruded from the jagged walls on both sides. Behind one of these was a small opening barely large enough for a man to enter on all fours. Paolo Khat explained that this was the entrance to the pass.

He insisted on entering first, so we started forward on hands and knees. Soon the passage grew larger and it was possible to walk erect. As we advanced I became aware of a far-off murmuring which increased until it became a sullen roar. Presently I made out that it was the rushing of a river much increased by the echo. After proceeding a little farther Paolo Khat dropped to his knees and held up his hand warningly. Then I saw that he was on the

brink of a chasm which went sheer down to impenetrable blackness and from which arose the boom of an underground stream. The path seemed to end here abruptly, but soon we discovered a stone slab barely a foot wide which formed the only bridge over the crevice. I lighted one of the extra torches and dropped it down; it whirled over and over in its descent, and at last was extinguished by the foaming waters several hundred feet below. We thrust a lighted torch into a crack in the wall and crossed the narrow bridge. From that point, the ascent became steeper and there were crude carvings on the walls representing the same kind of two-headed snakes which were on the scroll and its ivory case. On speaking of this to Paolo Khat, he said that the valley people had for their god, next in rank to the “Sacred Head” itself, the golden image of a two-headed snake.

Soon we came to a flight of stone steps leading up to a doorway, and on passing through this we found ourselves in a room of the temple. All was dark and the shadows which the torches sent scurrying hither and thither over the floor and walls seemed ghostly beings roused up by this invasion of their resting-place. Under the guidance of Paolo Khat, who never faltered although he had not been there for many years, I passed through several rooms set with columns and sending back hollow ringings of our steps. In one of the rooms was the dull-gold image of the snake, five feet high at least and worth many a fortune, and in front of this the altar on which Paolo Khat’s father had been slain.

We were approaching the innermost shrine, and a look of fierce hatred crossed my guide’s face as he was about to enter the secret home of the hated religion which had cost his parents their lives and exiled him forever from his people.

Paolo Khat stopped before a heavy black-wood door set in the carved stone wall. “This is where they keep their ‘Sacred Head,’ enter

with me, Sahib, and see what the 'Black Watcher' is."

He threw back the door and we both entered. The room was much warmer and filled with that strange odor which warns every inhabitant of India of the presence of a snake. In one corner of the room, high up on the wall, was a lamp, fashioned in the form of the omnipresent double snake, sending forth a jet of blue flame from each head and so shaded that one ray fell directly across a something in the middle of the room. This seemed to be a disc as large round as an elephant's tusk, resting on a vague, black mass. Paolo Khat pointed mutely at the disc and then stepped forward and grasped it. Then the blackness on which it was lying took shape and an immense black-cobra threw himself from side to side in a vain effort to shake off the intruder.

Paolo Khat clung with a desperate grip to the disc which was fastened about the snake's neck and he was flung heavily about by the writhings of the monster. I soon recovered from my surprise and rushed to my servant's aid. The reptile struggled fiercely, and at last when our united strength did not suffice to hold it, I was forced to shoot it through the head to escape being bitten. Hardly had the shot ceased to echo through the temple when Paolo Khat clashed off the snake's head with his curved sword, seized the strange disc and dragged me out of the room toward the tunnel.

"We must get out of here at once," he cried, "the High Priest must have heard that shot, and if he catches us before we reach the tunnel we are lost."

As we ran into the room from which the tunnel started, we saw at the farther end an advancing figure.

"There is the High Priest, I can tell him by the snake-mark," shouted my servant. Sure enough on the chest of the man I saw a white, two-headed snake, tattooed on his coppery skin.

Just as we reached the doorway to the pass, the priest rushed at us with uplifted knife. As he came I stepped forward and thrust the burning torch full in his face. He staggered back and we dashed down the steps into the tunnel and fled for our lives.

When we reached the underground stream and were about to cross the stone bridge, Paolo Khat grasped my arm. "Here, Sahib, take this. I know not what it is and never shall for the snake bit me and I feel his poison already chilling my blood. Take this and leave me," he said, handing me the disc. I took it and supporting my servant with one arm, started across the bridge. We were nearly across when I felt the stone tremble and then sink beneath our feet, cast down by some secret mechanism from the temple above. As it fell I gave a leap forward and barely succeeded in grasping the rocky edge and pulling myself up, but I heard the shriek and, a few seconds after, the splash which told of the passing of poor Paolo Khat, swept down the stream to lie unburied on some underground shore.

I knew that I was safe, for, with the bridge down, nothing without wings could cross the chasm, so I remained where I had thrown myself after my narrow escape. As I lay there exhausted, I heard a whispering coming down the tunnel from the direction of the temple; this soon resolved into a tremendous hissing which came plainly to my ears above the booming of the underground stream on its rocky bed far below. I strained my eyes and soon saw queer shadows advancing into the circle of light shed by the torch. These increased in number and then I saw that they were snakes! Hundreds of them, of all sizes! I saw now why the priest had not pursued us into the tunnel; he thought to cut off our escape by casting down the bridge and then, by introducing the snakes into the tunnel, to finish us, but, thank Heaven, the stream was between me and the seething, wriggling monsters whose numbers

were increasing every minute. When the first rank reached the chasm and found no way across, they tried to turn back, but those behind pressed forward and many of the foremost ones were pushed over the edge. Enraged at not finding their prey, the reptiles began to fight among themselves and soon the whole farther side was one hissing, fighting mass.

I gazed spellbound for a few moments and then with shaken nerves and sickened heart I stumbled down the passage still grasping the disc secured at so great a sacrifice. I found the canoe with some difficulty, paddled across the lake and reached my hut before morning.

Once at home I examined the disc carefully. The body of it was of gold and set on the outside was a perfect semblance of a human head, beautifully inlaid with enamel of different shades and carefully pieced together, far excelling any modern work. The portrait was that of a native and on the cheek was a likeness of the same double snake that I had seen on the priest in the temple. The mosaic was extremely odd, and undoubtedly dated back to the foundation of the worship of the valley people. I stored it away in the heavy strong-box in which I was accustomed to keep my valuables, and lay down to sleep.

The next afternoon as I was sitting in front of my hut thinking over the events of the previous night, an old man carrying a covered basket approached and asked if he might exhibit his juggling and snake-charming powers. Thinking that it would serve to divert my mind from painful recollections, I consented. He sat down and opened his basket from which crawled two magnificent cobras. He began to play a plaintive air on his flute and the snakes reared half their bodies in the air and waved their heads rhythmically back and forth with the music. Next came the mango trick and several commonplace feats.

When I had tired of these I asked him if he could give me something a little out of the ordinary, "Yes, Sahib, I can," he said in a peculiar voice. "now watch me." He plucked a blade of grass from a tuft at his feet, passed it to me to examine, folded it in his hands when I returned it, and breathed upon it. He then asked me for my neck-scarf and placed the grass within it, folded it up and talked soothingly to it as if it were a child. Finally drawing from a fold of his turban a small phial, he emptied the contents upon the scarf and then passed it to me, telling me to look and see what he had made.

I slowly unfolded the scarf in my lap and there was a two-headed cobra! I started up and tried to fling it from me but it struck at me and grasped my thumb with both its venomous mouths. The juggler picked up his basket and said with a fiendish smile, "That is a new trick, Sahib, is it not?" and disappeared quickly in the jungle back of the house. I ran into the hut and grasped an axe and deliberately cut my thumb off. Although it was but a small snake I knew that unless I did that I had but a few hours to live.

As little time as had intervened, the poison had penetrated my system and only the heroic treatment I underwent enabled me to recover at all. When I was able to be about, I went at once to see the wonderful portrait. I had a feeling that all was not right but the sight of the box still locked as I had left it reassured me. I opened the massive lid and then the interior compartment in which I had placed the disc. It was gone! But in its place was a withered hand, that of Paolo Khat, as the mutilated finger told me, and thrust through the wrist was a small golden dagger, carved with the sign of the two-headed snake.

L. C. C., '05.

A B O W D O I N L E T T E R

2 MAINE HALL, BOWDOIN COLLEGE,
BRUNSWICK, ME.

To the Editor of the Register:

There seems to be an idea in Massachusetts that Bowdoin College is "way down East" and hence for Maine men alone. This is a mistake which I hope to correct. Though it is true that the majority of men in Bowdoin are Maine men, there is a goodly number of men from other states. The Massachusetts Club, to which any student of Bowdoin whose home is in Massachusetts can belong, is a proof of this. There are about twenty members in the club at present. We meet once a month in the room of a member and also hold an annual banquet in Boston about Thanksgiving time.

Now a word as to our location and equipment. Bowdoin College is situated in the town of Brunswick, which is nine miles from Bath and within convenient reach of Portland and Lewiston. The campus is within a short distance of the depot and the business section. The buildings are thoroughly modern and the dormitories are heated by steam and lighted by electricity. Our library can be equalled by no other New England college. It contains over 80,000 volumes and the yearly additions are about 3,000. The library building, Hubbard Hall, the newest and most expensive of the college buildings, was dedicated last June.

To those who are interested in athletics, Bowdoin offers many inducements. Directly back of the dormitories is located the Sargent Gymnasium. East of the college, and at a short distance from the Gymnasium is the Whittier Athletic Field. This field is reached by the walk through the pines made famous by Longfellow. The field itself is five acres in ex-

tent and contains a quarter-mile cinder track, the base-ball diamond, and the foot-ball field. The grand stand, which was completed this fall, is built entirely of iron, brick, and stone, and is capable of seating seven hundred persons. Beneath the stand are rooms for both the home and visiting teams, thoroughly equipped with lockers, shower baths, etc.

For a number of years past we have held the championship of Maine in track, base-ball, and tennis. Last spring we also won the doubles in the Intercollegiate Tennis match at Longwood. In foot-ball we were rather unfortunate this year as our team was very light.

Before one has been in Bowdoin two months he not only knows all the men in his class, but all the men in college. Besides this one is brought into personal contact with the professors, and feels at liberty to call upon them at any time. I need only to mention President Hyde, Professor Chapman, and Professor Robinson (who is a brother of Mr. Robinson of the Latin School) to show that Bowdoin has a faculty which will always uphold her good name. There are also several clubs, such as the History Club, the Economics Club, the German Club, and the French Club, in which the students are on intimate relations with the professors. A student is eligible to any one of these clubs if his rank in the course is of a high order.

If any of my readers wish to know more about Bowdoin I shall be glad to answer any questions they may ask. It is my hope that the Latin School will yearly send a delegation to Bowdoin, and I am sure that the men who do come here will never regret it.

HAROLD E. WILSON, '03.

McMichael, '03, made his numerals as guard on the freshman foot-ball team.

Wilson, Wogan, and McMichael have joined the Delta Upsilon.

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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DECEMBER, 1903

WE were honored a few days ago, by a visit from a former editor-in-chief of the REGISTER. After a few preliminary remarks he said: "The great trouble the college papers find in the school publications is that they have too much about 'the dear old school,' and 'how sorry we are to leave,' and all that nonsense." "Of course," he continued, "I don't want to lecture or sermonize to a staff which seems to have done almost as well as we did, (ahem!) but if you don't mind taking a gentle hint I would advise you to eradicate most of the talk about how much you love your Alma Mater, and all that."

We thanked him and were truly grateful, since he is himself one of the editors of a college paper. We understand perfectly the style of writing to which he refers, but we think that there is too great a tendency among the fellows as they grow older and advance in college to ridicule this spirit of affection for Alma Mater

We think it a duty to turn the minds of the senior class for a moment from their ambitious work of preparing to enter college to the consideration of the fact that they are just finishing

a part of their lives which they will always look back upon with the greatest pleasure, and which will come to a complete ending at their graduation, now only a few months away. They are the only class of 1904 which has even been in the Latin School, and there will never be another.

Living at home and spending a definite number of hours together each day the class has grown into a whole; each fellow knows every other, and since no one is obliged to consider the immediate necessity of earning his daily bread, responsibility rests lightly on all. The class are in the highest place in the school—they are Seniors, and all the other classes look upon them with awe and envy, hoping that some day they too may be Seniors. But what will be the condition next year? These proud Seniors will be Freshmen, the brunt of all the jokes and tricks of a great college; they will have to go into hibernation for a season, and the less in evidence they are the better for them.

While in school the teachers and pupils are close to one another, and the faults in the work of each boy are pointed out to him personally; in school each boy is known to the teacher and

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comes to look upon him as a friend, but in college the great number of the students forbids any such pleasant intercourse except in a very slight degree ; each man is known perhaps only by a number, and instead of the careful explanations which he has been accustomed to in school, he is given a book and told to learn the principles by himself.

Even though there are thousands more in college than in school there is rarely a day when a fellow in college meets so large a number of his friends as we do every day in the recitation rooms, or sees so many familiar faces as we do at the recesses and at drill.

Thus, while we appreciate the words of the former editor, we think he will not accuse us of "sermonizing" in having said this much, and we hope the class will appreciate the truth of what we say, and enjoy the Latin School for the few, brief months in which, though we live to be a hundred, we can call ourselves members of the Boston Latin School.



There are many in the class of '04 who have not won their "monogram" during their attendance at the Latin School. It is a very desirable thing that as many fellows as possible should earn their letters in some branch of sport, and it is not yet too late. The base-ball team affords the best opportunity and every one should prepare to try for the team when the time comes. The track team and the crew are the other two opportunities which lie open. We hope that those who fail to

make one of these three will be active in organizing class teams. We should have a class basket-ball team, a class base-ball team, a class track team, and a class crew. This would enable a number of fellows to make their class numerals, at any rate.



What a wonderful thing is the change of season ! While some few people say positively that they like a particular season better than the others, they are apt to change their opinion as the years go by, and the great majority of people like best the season which is at hand. Poets could be quoted in praise of every season, and very few people are unable to appreciate the beauties of each time of year.

In winter we praise the grace of the bare branches of the trees outlined against the sky ; the beautiful snow scenes, and the clear invigorating air ; in summer we praise the trees covered with their beautiful dress of green, and shudder to think of the bare branches creaking in the chill, winter wind ; we admire the flowers and the earth with its fresh carpet of green, and hope we may never see snow again, and we revel in the balmy air, and declare that winter, with its icy temperature and freezing air, is the last thing we would wish for. Yet how ready we are to admire the beautiful colors of a maple grove in autumn with its various shades of crimson, yellow and green, a sure sign of the return of that same winter with its bare trees, its snow, and its invigorating air !

Captain Walsh wishes to thank the graduating class through the columns of the REGISTER for the Thanksgiving dinner which they sent him.

Owen McGrath, B. L. S., '01, and Dartmouth, ex-'05, has joined the Paulist Fathers as a novice. McGrath was prominent in

athletics and scholarship while here. He was captain of both base-ball and foot-ball teams.

P. B. Paul, ex-'02, is an associate editor of *The Dartmouth*.

Curtis Lublin, business manager of the REGISTER during 1900-1901, is now an editor of the *Columbia Literary Monthly*.

H A R V A R D N O T E S



UNIVERSITY HALL

DAN Hurley, B. L. S., '01, has been elected captain of the 1904 'Varsity foot-ball team at Harvard. He is the second Latin School man who has captained the Harvard team within four years.

Hanley, captain of our last year's championship team, was out for the 'Varsity early in the season, and made a good showing. Just before the West Point game, however, he gave his ankle a severe sprain, which was responsible for his unfortunate showing in the West Point game. He did not play in the fatal Amherst game, as many seem to think. Hanley will undoubtedly make his "H" next year.

A. E. McCarthy, B. L. S., ex-'03, was out for the 'Varsity, and, later, for the Freshman, but he started too late to make either.

Phil Goode, '03, has made the Freshman basket-ball team.

In the game between the Seniors and the Sophomores, Tucker, ex-'02, played end for the latter, and E. C. Johnson, '00, played guard for the former.

Carl Downes, '03, was one of the speakers at the Freshman debate.

Hanlon and House, both of '03, were out for fall base-ball, and McIntyre was out for fall rowing.

"Spike" Hennessey, ex-'04, is a special student this year.

Nine of the class of 1903 are rooming in Cambridge, and will be glad to receive visits from their friends in the Latin School. They may be found at the following addresses:

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W. J. A. Bailey, 39 College House.
C. S. Downes, 53 Weld.
H. F. Gould, 6 Hollis.
M. Grünberg, 66 Thayer.
W. A. Hanley, 31 Holyoke Street.
E. E. House, 33 Holyoke Street.
F. D. Littlefield, 33 Holyoke Street.
A. R. McIntyre, 39 Dana.
F. H. Middleton, 39 Dana.

Ross, B. L. S., 1900, has a record of which all may be proud. After two years and a half in Harvard College he has completed the work necessary for obtaining his A. B. degree, and also his degree of B. S., or Bachelor of Science. These will be awarded him in June. He has been appointed instructor in the college.

On December 15 the winners of academic distinctions were announced. The following Latin School graduates received prizes:

Lauriston Ward, Senior, second Bowdoin prize for dissertation in English.

Samuel Thurman, Senior, first Bowdoin prize for elocution.

Edwin Clifford Johnson, Junior, second Bowdoin prize for elocution.

Joseph W. McGaragle, Junior, Sales prize; Spanish.

Louis Herbert Reuter, Junior, second year honors in classics.

Henry Rozalvin Gardner and Charles Butler Loughhead, final honors in classics,

George Alexander Barrow, philosophy.

Richard Fay Jackson, chemistry.

H O C K E Y

The outlook for the hockey team this year is very bright. A number of candidates have come out for the team, and it is well under way. On the first day of practice the team played Tech, and was beaten 3 goals to 2 goals. The candidates are as follows: Brady, goal; Parker, Jewett, point; Moulton, cover-point; Somes, Woods, Gifford, Keefe, McShane, (Captain) Niles, D. Niles, Loughlin, and Westfall. Parker is manager, and McShane captain. The team has a very early schedule this year, necessitating continual practice. The schedule is as follows:

Dec. 22. Everett High at Chelsea Creek.

Dec. 24. West Roxbury High at Jamaica.

Dec. 28. Ballou & Hobigand at Franklin Field.

Dec. 30. Rindge Manual Training School at Cambridge.

Dec. 31. Mechanic Arts High School at Franklin Field.

Jan. 2. English High School at Franklin Field.

Jan. 5. Cambridge Latin School at Brookline Rink.

Jan. 8. Newton High School at Cambridge Rink.

Jan. 12. Brookline High School at Jamaica.

Jan. 15. "Hoppy" at Jamaica.

NOTE.—The italicized dates are league games.

L. C. W., '05.

Wilson, '03, has been elected vice-president of the class of 1907.

Wogan, '03, earned his numerals on the freshman base-ball team.

L. S. Dougher, '02, has charge of the sporting department of the *Manchester*, (N. H.) *Union*.

M I L I T A R Y

The following changes have been made in the roster :

Co. B., Lieutenants, C. A. A. Weber, W. W. Faunce. Sergeants, W. L. Allen, E. T. Keefe, J. J. Kennedy, W. S. Nay.

Co. C., S. C. Rogers, T. M. Logan, J. W. Doherty, M. J. Murray, M. G. Estabrook.

Co. F., R. K. Abbott, W. N. Moffett, D. J. Walsh, J. E. Mahoney, R. J. Dobbyn.

Co. H., E. E. Wise, P. L. Dillon, H. C. Nowlin, S. M. Alter, C. A. Leavitt.

The roughness of the new drillers has been to a great degree worn off; battalion drill has commenced, and most of the companies are perfecting the simpler movements. The battalions appeared in full uniform on December

1, and Colonel Benyon announced that the first exhibition drill would take place in January.

The Drum Corps, under Drum-major Fitzpatrick, has been reorganized, and has progressed exceedingly well. While there are fewer pieces than there were last year, the men are most all veteran players, and we expect to have a creditable organization by prize drill day.

As yet there is very little choice between the various companies. The first battalion will probably furnish the lieutenant-colonel as usual, for the small men in the pony companies can not accomplish the amount of work that the senior battalion can; because they have too great a handicap to overcome in their lack of experience.

T O T H E A P P I A N W A Y

Long since, a consul thy creation bade,
And at his word thou thereupon wast made.
Since then thou hast seen Rome, and Rome's
decay,
Whilst all around thee withered, thou didst
stay.

Long, long ago, how often hast thou seen
The Roman nobles with their haughty mien,
My lady's palanquin by negroes borne
With panting breath and countenance forlorn;
How oft the couriers with their pace so fleet,
And Roman legions march, with weary feet.
Thou hast seen Romans battling for their life,
With Carthage struggling in such deadly strife,
Till Hannibal at last was overthrown,
And Rome, exhausted, once more held her
own.

But now, alas, great civil wars arise,
While death and ruin come before thine eyes.
Until at length all these are swept away
And Cæsar gains the universal sway.
Now soon the Savior of the world is born,

And thus the Christian faith doth have its
dawn.

Then come the days of long imperial line,
Of princes clad in robes of purple fine;
Small thoughts of honor now, but all of gain.
But now, alas, Rome's strength begins to wane.
Soon come the ruthless, wild, barbaric hordes,
Thousands on thousands, ever pressing towards
The city, Rome, which, though she ruled so
well,

When thou wast made, degenerated, fell.
Yes, thus fell Rome, and yet e'en now she
lives,

And still unto the world her learning gives;
And thou her rise, her sway, her fall hast seen,
Thus lying 'mid broad fields and pastures
green,

And thus thou hast remained through fleeting
time,

A voice from out the past, alone, sublime.

J. B. W., '05.

BOOK REVIEWS.

STORIES OF THE COLLEGES.*

In *Stories of the Colleges* there are gathered together a group of as good stories as are often found under one cover. The book contains a story from each of nine of the greatest American universities, each told by a graduate who has made a name for himself in the world of letters.

Each story has the true atmosphere of the college about which it is written. The Harvard tale, "Philosophy 4," by Wister, the author of "The Virginian," could not possibly be a story of Yale or Princeton, so well does it bring out the spirit of Cambridge and of the college itself. Burton Stevenson's Princeton story, "Rah, Rah, Rah, Murray," has a fineness of touch which cannot fail to move a person in the least interested in college life. "A Lightning Change," the Columbia story, has the best plot, and Captain Charles King's "A Cadet of the Corps," while rather gloomy in its ending, is an admirable picture of West Point life. The other stories are as follows: Yale, "A Bachelor of Arts," by Richard Holbrook; Pennsylvania, "Smith of Pennsylvania," by Francis Williams; Annapolis, "A Hazing Interregnum," by Cyrus Townsend Brady; Cornell, "The Personal Equation," by James Gardiner Sanderson; and Chicago, "The Head Marshal of the University of Chicago," by James Weber Linn. G. E.

THE SHIP OF STATE, BY THOSE AT THE HELM.**

This little book is one of the "Youth's Companion Series," and is a book which should be in the library of every fellow who desires to have a knowledge of his country's government.

The twelve articles which make up the volume treat of as many departments of the government. The first is an article on "The Presidency," by Theodore Roosevelt, written

while he was governor of New York. Of course, he could set forth views in regard to the presidency more freely than he can now.

Senator Lodge writes of "The Life of a Senator," and gives in his opening words a very good statement of the value of such a book: "Whether these hopes of great political distinction are or are not as common (among boys) as they are supposed to be, it is certain that American boys ought to know about the government of their country and the manner in which it is carried on." "The Life of a Congressman," by Thomas B. Reed, is interesting, and the article by Justice Brewer gives a fine idea of the great power of our supreme court. The article by John D. Long on "How Jack Lives" is remarkably full of facts unknown to most people, and gives an insight into the advantage of the sailor of to-day over the men who fought with Porter and Lawrence; ex-Secretary Long has also contributed an article on "The Naval War College."

Few people realize the importance of the commissary department to an army; yet Assistant Secretary Sanger shows clearly in his paper on "How our Soldiers are Fed" that the "best armament, the ablest leadership, even personal courage will not save the force which is without the food necessary to support life." General Ludington writes of "How the Army is Clothed."

One of the most delightful articles in the book is "Good Manners and Diplomacy," by William R. Day. It treats chiefly of the United States consular service, and is clearly by a man who has learned the fine points of a diplomatic career. The other articles are equally interesting and instructive. They are; "How Foreign Treaties are Made," by Henry Cabot Lodge; "Uncle Sam's Law Business," by John K. Richards; and "The American Post Office," by W. L. Wilson. G. E.

*Stories of the Colleges. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.20.

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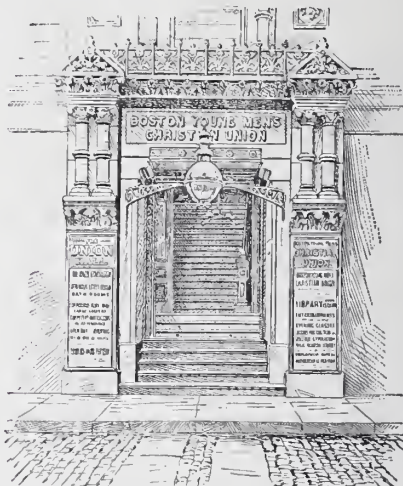
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